

TRANSFIGURATION.

(Harrison Robertson in Puck's Annual.)

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[A false or partial look might thus declare
That she was fair.]

"You are no sweet!"
[With frank indignation his phrases meet.
[In truth, 'twas less agreeable than discreet
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"You are no bright!"
[No signs of brightness do the words excite.
[An ordinary girl, a dabbler might
Proclaim her bright.]

"I love you so!"
[Ah! she is fair and sweet, and bright—for lo!
The metamorphosis these words bestow—
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GRANT UNDER FIRE.

EMINENTLY, AND ABOVE ALL THINGS, A COOL MAN.

At the Front, Under Fire, in the Rear
of Vicksburg—What a Soldier
Thought of His Commander

—The Key to Success.

(Boston Globe.)

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the very spot where I was standing. I did
not know his name, but he told me he was
Grant—Ulysses Grant, at that moment in
the heat of the western army. Solid he
stood—erect, about five feet eight, with
square features, thin closed lips, brown hair,
brown beard, both cut short and neat. This
was the first time that I saw Grant. I think
I still possess some of the feeling that over-
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to one who held our lives, and possibly our
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'Men, push right along; close up, fast, and
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Every soldier in the line turned to look at
him, but there was no further recognition. There
was no Bonaparte posturing for effect; no
pointing to the pyramids, no calling the
centuries to witness. There was no nonsense,
no sentimentalism, but a plain, direct, and
repulsive, for the one single purpose
of getting that command across the river
in the shortest time possible. On a horse
near by, and among the still mounted
staff, I saw a man in a bright-looking
blue coat of about 1811 years. Fastened
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Vicksburg, Spotsylvania, the Wilderness
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How the Yakut Starts a Fire—What Mel-
ville Saw in Siberia.

(The Lenz Delta.)

Civilized matches necessary to the Yakut.
To start a fire a dry piece of wood is
procured, many sticks cut and re-
jected, until one entirely free from
moisture is found. The rest of the drift
wood is split and chopped into proper
lengths, and here without rag, cotton, flax
or sulphur is where the Yakut ingeniously
aserts itself. The buds of the arctic willow
are forever trying to peep from their black-
ish buds of snow. Within these buds is a light,
fleshy texture in the nature of thiselidown.
The native moistens this down slightly and
mixes it with ground charcoal, prepared by
cooling a light piece of birch in the ashes
of his hearth. The flax thoroughly rolled
through the charcoal is dried before the fire,
becoming an excellent tinder, igniting
quickly into a hot and durable point of fire.
A bundle of fine soft sticks is always kept
drying before the fire, which the old man,
in preparation for a native's journey, takes
down and shape into sword blades, which
are then with a sharp knife shaved into long,
thin shavings not unlike the American stick
known to upholsterers as "excelsior." These
are preserved dry in the chimney in fish-skin
bags. On making a fire a native takes a

SHIP OF THE DESERT.

(Harrison Robertson in Puck's Annual.)

"You are no fair!"
[A false or partial look might thus declare
That she was fair.]

"You are no sweet!"
[With frank indignation his phrases meet.
[In truth, 'twas less agreeable than discreet
To call her sweet.]

"You are no bright!"
[No signs of brightness do the words excite.
[An ordinary girl, a dabbler might
Proclaim her bright.]

"I love you so!"
[Ah! she is fair and sweet, and bright—for lo!
The metamorphosis these words bestow—
I love you so.]

GRANT UNDER FIRE.

EMINENTLY, AND ABOVE ALL THINGS, A COOL MAN.

At the Front, Under Fire, in the Rear
of Vicksburg—What a Soldier
Thought of His Commander

—The Key to Success.

(Boston Globe.)

Mr. S. H. M. Byrne's recollections of Grant,
as he appeared on and about the battlefield,
are full of interest.

"While I was standing by the pontoon
bridge, near Fort Gibson," says he, "watching
the boys cross the bayon, I heard some-
body cheering, and looking round, saw an
officer on horseback in a major general's
uniform. He dismounted and came over to
the very spot where I was standing. I did
not know his name, but he told me he was
Grant—Ulysses Grant, at that moment in
the heat of the western army. Solid he
stood—erect, about five feet eight, with
square features, thin closed lips, brown hair,
brown beard, both cut short and neat. This
was the first time that I saw Grant. I think
I still possess some of the feeling that over-
came me at that moment, as I stood so near
to one who held our lives, and possibly our
country's, in his hands. I heard him speak:
'Men, push right along; close up, fast, and
hurry over.' Two or three men mounted on
horses attempted to wedge past the soldiers
on the bridge. Grant noticed it, and quietly
said, 'Lieutenant, send those men to the rear.'
Every soldier in the line turned to look at
him, but there was no further recognition. There
was no Bonaparte posturing for effect; no
pointing to the pyramids, no calling the
centuries to witness. There was no nonsense,
no sentimentalism, but a plain, direct, and
repulsive, for the one single purpose
of getting that command across the river
in the shortest time possible. On a horse
near by, and among the still mounted
staff, I saw a man in a bright-looking
blue coat of about 1811 years. Fastened
to his little waist by the broad yellow
belt was his father's sword—that sword on
which clear steel was soon to be engraved
Vicksburg, Spotsylvania, the Wilderness
and Richmond.

"I next saw Grant on May 13, 1863, and
this time at the battle of Champion Hills,
in rear of Vicksburg. He had crossed the Mis-
sissippi river at Grand Gulf, and swung off
his horse and on foot, he had been at the
battle of Port Gibson, Raymond and Jackson,
and here overtaking Pemberton's army hasten-
ing to the walls of Vicksburg. It was a very
hot day and we had marched hard, slept
little and needed rest. Among the regiments
on Champion Hills, the enemy, 40,000 to
50,000 strong turned on us. Sherman's
corps was already engaged far on the right
as we approached the field in that over-
powering Mississippi sun. Our brigade was
soon in line, on the edge of a meadow, or
open field sloping toward the woods where
the enemy were concealed and steadily firing
upon us. We were in the most trying position
of soldiers, for